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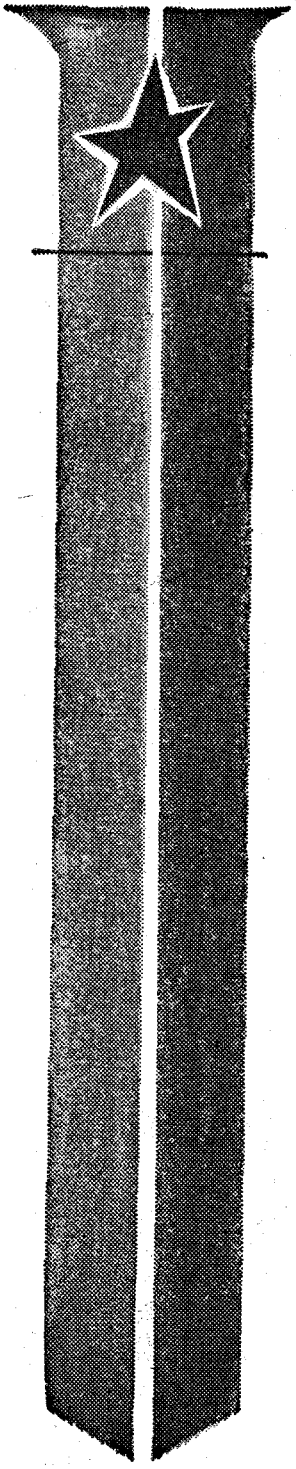

The Foster-Home Problem

Children in Limbo

Richard Haitch

The Air Force Murder Case

Jack Foisie

Reapportionment

Breaking the Rural Strangle Hold

Will Maslow

Man on the Berlin Wall

A Review by Sarah Gainham

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LETTERS

True and timely

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I thoroughly enjoyed "Our Man in Paraguay," by Barry M. Lando, in your Feb. 23 issue, which shed considerably more light on the subject of Paraguay's sham re-election of its President-dictator than the hallowed sources of news for millions of world-minded Americans. . . . One national news magazine devoted only a half-column to the story, dealing with it in a quasi-humorous vein designed to entertain, where alarm and dismay were more appropriate. . . .

That *The Nation* managed to get this article in print at such a timely moment is most admirable!

Walter Gerstel

An earlier protest

New York City

Dear Sirs: That was a good ad on the back cover of last week's *Nation,* and I hope it brings in subscribers. However, it speaks of "block-busters" as being brought into the open by your man in 1961. I had the pleasure of making a film dealing with this, and I thought you might be interested. It was made in 1957 for Dynamic Films, and has had wide distribution—as a film, and as the first part of a discussion evening. . . .

That was a review of fascination to me—May Swenson's review [Feb. 23] of *Waterlily Fire,* my selected poems. She did a brilliant job. . . .

Muriel Rukeyser

'Finest hour'

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I feel that Mr. Hatch has poorly focused on, or omitted, some key issues in his review of the movie, *David and Lisa* (*Nation,* March 9, 1963). . . . Mental illness is neither a love story nor a documentary. And to represent it as either would be to distort the essence of the lives of the mentally disturbed. I do not think the producers attempted to do either; or, as Mr. Hatch suggests, *tried* to make an impact at both levels.

The lives of David and Lisa contain many of the horrors, fears and anxieties present in most of us; but for them healthy integration is an almost impossible task. We are shown that the tender feelings of love can be a natural development for these people and may be expressed in relatively mature ways. We can see that such qualities as common sense, good judgment and a keen sensitivity for people are likely to occur in a patient such as David, but are almost totally absent in his parents. . . . We are exposed to a psychiatrist who is "just another person," but possessing a genuine warmth which is beautifully entwined with the skills necessary to bring out the potential of his patient.

David and Lisa is more than sweetness and delicacy. It is probably Hollywood's finest hour in giving the public a chance to see a most authentic slice of life of people who are generally dismissed as "crazy."

David D. Stein

Freedom to advertise

Uniondale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial, "Collegians and the Weed," *The Nation,* Jan. 26, 1963, you were too quick to support denial of advertising space to the cigarette corporations. Though cigarettes may *indeed* cause cancer, their makers are nevertheless entitled to their own fair share of American advertising space, so long as they can pay for it. (See editorial, "Study in Motivation," *The Nation,* issue of Feb. 2, 1963.)

More appropriate than denial of advertising space—and more in spirit with the traditions of a free people—would be vigorous, honest DON'T SMOKE editorials, articles and advertisements. . . . What concerns me is the readiness with which we find justification to close an artery of communication.

Martin Steingesser

Students for peace

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: When the Student Peace Union was founded three years ago, it was merely a handful of concerned students in the Midwest. In its first years, it grew to 900 members on college campuses from coast to coast. This past year has seen a sudden spurt in growth to 4,000 national members and it is now the largest national student-membership organization.

The SPU is affiliated with no adult group and strives to maintain student autonomy in its efforts to foster constructive criticism of the foreign policies of both East and West. It believes that "war can no longer be successfully used to settle international disputes and that neither human freedom nor the human race itself can endure in a world committed to militarism."

But with its phenomenal growth, the SPU finds itself in a paradoxical situation. Membership dues are not adequate to finance our activities. Anyone wishing to know more about the policies and activities of the SPU and to contribute to support our efforts is urged to communicate with our Washington office, P.O. Box 3031, Washington 10, D.C.

Dawn Lander
Associate Director

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Fortress Americas

Given the composition of the Clay committee, dominated as it was by intelligent, hard-headed, conservative Republicans, its findings on foreign aid were predictable. But apart from these findings, the report reflects the emergence of a "new mood" in the American Establishment which could foreshadow significant shifts in foreign policy. Africa, for example, is downgraded; it is considered to fall within the sphere of influence of the European powers, which should shoulder the burden of aid and development. By clear implication, we ought to cut our commitments in the Congo as soon as possible and pass this burden on to our European allies.

Europe, says the report, is now well able to look after itself and the outflow of gold must be stopped. As to Asia, we must continue to aid India, which is not our ally, together with Pakistan, which is our ally, as an offset to "the Red Chinese Colossus." But Indonesia is regarded with mingled disdain and skepticism, while Southeast Asia is viewed with a new coolness and detachment, indicating that the "falling dominoes" thesis has lost much of its hypnotic power. Nationalist China, the Philippines and South Korea will not applaud the report.

The claims of countries bordering the USSR—countries which have received 72 per cent of aid in the past—have been radically weakened by the growth in stockpiles of intercontinental missiles and roving launching facilities for intermediate-range missiles (Polaris) and the further increases to come. Following a trend that began with the Belgrade Conference of the nonaligned, short shrift is made of the proposition that we should woo public opinion in these countries. In much the same fashion, the importance of the United Nations and its specialized agencies is minimized; these references are quite perfunctory and were obviously inserted merely "for the record."

But if the mood is bearish in all these areas, the contours of future American investment nearer home are unmistakable. It is clear that Cuba, in no small measure, has realigned Establishment thinking and invested Central and South America with a greatly enhanced interest and concern. The report reflects a vivid awareness of the possibilities of political instability and continuing economic difficulties in the southern half of the hemisphere; the Alliance for Progress is not working satisfactorily, exports will increasingly encounter Common Market barriers in Europe, and the prospect is for a long, long, haul ahead. The concern with Latin America no doubt accounts for the heavy stress which the report places on the importance and sanctity of private investment and the necessity of extending aid only to those countries that have compatible economic systems.

So, while the report is concerned with the question of foreign aid, the basic policy implications are unmistakable. The hard-headed members of the committee—including General Clay himself, General Eisenhower's Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson, former Secretary Robert A. Lovett, and the others—are all respected spokesmen for the dominant American financial and industrial interests concerned with foreign trade and overseas investment; only the addition of John J. McCloy and David Rockefeller would have been needed to invest the committee with the unmistakable sanction of the Establishment. It is this circumstance which makes the "new mood" reflected in its report of more than passing interest. A new consensus has been reached, at least in broad outline, which calls for shifts in emphasis and priorities and direction in American policy; what the report foreshadows is a narrowing and consolidation of American interests with top priority for Central and South America. The concept of "fortress America" has been restyled as "fortress Americas."

Eyes on Haiti

During the past few weeks, the Duvalier regime in Haiti has come under an increasingly close and novel scrutiny in the American press; normally nothing that happens there is regarded as news. In much of what is being written, fact mingles with rumor, idle speculation with serious concern. There are, for example, reports of an anti-Duvalier underground in Haiti and of Haitian peasants receiving military training in Cuba. But it is difficult to see that either one or the other of these reports, if true, poses a real threat to Duvalier; rather, the real threat to him is economic and psychological. American aid has been suspended and the country is bankrupt. In 1961, Duvalier faked a plebiscite and had himself declared re-elected for another full six-year term two years before his first term was to run out. As May 15 approaches—the date on which his first term expires—tension is certain to mount in Haiti. On that date, several Latin American governments are pledged to withdraw recognition if Duvalier does not step down. Spontaneous demonstrations, such as those which brought an end to the terms of the last three Haitian Presidents, are almost certain to occur; a student strike is in the immediate offing.

But there will also be an important difference. When Lescote, Estime and Magloire were ousted, each was escorted to the airport by the Army and widespread disorder was averted. Duvalier, however, has largely disarmed and utterly demoralized the Army. In addition, he has built up an erratically disciplined militia and a special force of thugs known as "*tontons macoute*" — in Creole, "bogymen" — with a well-deserved reputation for terrorism, torture and assassination. Duvalier's reaction to large-scale demonstra-

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tions is not likely to be flight; he is far more likely to unleash his paramilitary forces and order a senseless massacre of political prisoners and hostages, political opponents and dissenters, that would surpass the performance of President Sam in 1915.

Having played a role of some historic interest in former years in getting the Marines out of Haiti, *The Nation* is not suggesting that they should be sent in now. But Haiti is one Caribbean country where it may be necessary to improvise an international police force to step in, on a strictly temporary basis, to maintain a degree of public order until the Haitians can bring a new government to power through constitutional means.

The Negro Racists

In the view of Negro militants like Elijah Muhammed and Malcolm X, the wrongs of the Negro race must be expiated by ostracism of all whites, regardless of their personal character, their actions in the past and present, their relations with individual Negroes, their attitude toward segregation and integration, and so on. Whites are damned en masse by reason of their color. The black man must withdraw into his own society, there to enjoy the superiority which is his by reason of the white man's abjection. There are only inessential differences between, say, a Mississippi co-ed who, pointing to the one Negro student at her university, asks: "Why doesn't somebody kill him?" and a white girl who gets herself jailed for going on a freedom ride in the same state. The solution is to turn over Alabama and Mississippi to Muhammed and his followers. Just where the force is to come from to establish these Negro enclaves is a practical question which probably has not been thought through, but the point at issue is a moral one. Must there be irreconcilable hostility between the races because only the group counts, or is a man, black or white, damned or redeemed by what he is and thinks and feels and does?

In proportion as he is criticized for his junkets and night-clubbing at the taxpayers' expense, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell draws nearer to the Muhammed stereotype. "There is no future for the Negro man except what he fights for," he says, and it is perfectly true that vis-à-vis the segregationists, open or masked, the Negro must fight and keep on fighting. Then Powell adds, "Now this may sound like black nationalism"—a sly wink—"and maybe it is." Powell goes on to attack the NAACP, and is joined by Malcolm X. There is to be complete control by Negroes of civil-rights organizations, and presumably the next step is to expel the whites. Roy Wilkins, NAACP executive secretary, replies that from the outset "the NAACP has recognized that civil rights are everybody's business and responsibility. Our membership, our board of directors and our staff are interracial and interfaith. We intend to keep them that way. . . ."

Negro racist-nationalism is nothing new. The CPUSA once sponsored a black republic in the South, although they did not go so far as to exclude whites: they just wanted something on the order of Birobijan, the "autonomous" Jewish region or subdivision. More in the direct line of descent is the grandiose scheme of Marcus Garvey for a nation of Negro Americans. On the other hand, Communist-oriented Negroes like Paul Robeson and W. E. B. Du Bois have been antiracist and egalitarian. Robeson and Du Bois want men to grow better, regardless of color, while Powell's supporters defend the Negro's right to be as corrupt and exploitative as the white man.

To talk about "whites" and "blacks" as if they were not human beings with only a difference in skin pigmentation (everything else depending on life-experience and conditioning) is a false dichotomy. Some Negroes and some whites are blinded by race hatred. Some whites and some Negroes have a clear vision of what American citizenship implies. If the future belongs to anyone, it belongs to the latter.

Expense-Account Socialism

Is this the land of capitalist free enterprise, or are our businessmen Socialists at heart? Or if not in the heart, then in the stomach? Listening to the wails about the efforts of the Internal Revenue Service to cut down on expense-account graft, one can only conclude that if the government won't pick up half of the check, our staunch free enterprisers don't want those double martinis for lunch and the filet mignon, the hit shows and the night clubs for themselves and their fun-loving customers after dark. Rugged individualism? Pay your own way? Such slogans are for suckers.

U. S. News & World Report tells the sad story in its March 11 issue. Luxury restaurant and hotel business is depressed on the mere threat of closer scrutiny of expense accounts. The new regulations (still in a fluid state) are "putting fear into people," the manager of one of the swankiest Miami Beach hotels complains. Although Florida enjoyed one of the best winter seasons in history, convention entertaining was "way off." Antoine's in New Orleans is still deservedly crowded, but the manager complains they are not getting the big spenders. One of New York's largest and newest hotels had a 30 per cent occupancy rate over a recent weekend. In the field of gracious living, apparently the United States has turned into a nationwide depressed area and the expense-account beneficiaries are crying for federal help.

Worse, the sacred institution of matrimony is in jeopardy. Shaken businessmen are not taking their wives to dinner on the expense account; they are even more leery of charging up "business meals" where there is dancing, and, instead of taking the little woman to the conventions which make the wheels of business and technology turn, they go by themselves. Things may get to the point where businessmen will be dancing with one another—or with wives other than their own.

However, it may not be as bad as it looks. *The Wall Street Journal* (March 26) reports that Treasury Secretary Dillon is taking a personal hand in formulating

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rules so that businessmen won't feel that Uncle Sam is getting "too tough." Some Kennedy Administration officials feel that the 1962 law, and the interpretations of the Internal Revenue Service, "may have gone too far." IRS wants to be "reasonable." Mr. Dillon told the Magazine Publishers' Association convention in Washington: "It seems very clear that when wives get to a convention any entertainment expenses they have there are deductible." The wife's traveling expenses may likewise be deductible, if the businessman, working his head off at a convention, "is commanded by his company's management to take his wife along." A properly conditioned organization man certainly can't be expected to get himself fired just to benefit some mean taxpayer's jealousy of his privileged status. It would be even better—and well in line with the mores of expense-account socialism—if the government decreed that wives *must* go along, especially if they are young and pretty.

Under Two Flags

According to Nat Hentoff in *The Village Voice* of March 14 (for the benefit of non-New Yorkers, the "village" is Greenwich Village), *Hootenanny*, a weekly folk-music series, starts on ABC-TV early in April, but Pete Seeger and The Weavers are not going to be on it. Since Seeger, on the authority of *Variety* (March 20), is "the single most important factor in folk music's current popularity and partly responsible for the *Hootenanny* handle," Joan Baez and other artists have refused to appear on the show in protest against Seeger's blacklisting. NBC and CBS blacklist him just as ABC does, the excuse being that "the boys upstairs won't allow it."

Those "boys upstairs" are a curious lot. Only rarely does one of them come down the stairs and let himself be seen and quoted. If he is cornered, why, he himself is the most liberal of men who, personally, never had any sympathy with Joe McCarthy, but you see, the advertising agency just won't allow so-and-so on the show. The boys upstairs in the agency are equally faceless and equally unprejudiced, but the sponsor is the one to see. The sponsor passes the buck to the public, i.e., that part of it which goes witch hunting as readily and eagerly as American Legionnaires go to a turkey shoot.

The interesting feature of this Kafkaesque situation is that the networks wrap themselves in the flag and cry freedom of speech whenever anyone objects to their programing. But where some individual's freedom of speech and freedom to work is concerned, they recognize only their own right to make as much money as possible. Ethics and morality, and that democratic heritage to which they give lip service, are then forgotten. If that part of the public which takes such matters seriously does not make itself heard, the blacklist syndrome could soon regain its earlier virulence.

The Foster-Home Problem

CHILDREN IN LIMBO . . . . . Richard Haitch

Part I of a two-part article

Call him Ralph. He was barely a year old when his mother tried first to choke him and then kill herself. She was hospitalized and placed under mental observation, and Ralph's father disappeared from home. Ralph was sent to an institution for "temporary" foster care.

As the years went by, his life took on a strange pattern. From the institution, he was moved first to one set of foster parents and then another. Sometimes he was returned to his own home for another chance at living with his mother, since adjudged sane. But such stays were brief. Always, for one reason or another, she found an excuse to return him to foster care. Ralph developed an amazing string of symptoms. He set fires in the homes of foster parents, he stole, he soiled his clothing and wet the bed—though he was old enough to go to school—and he began to engage in unnatural sexual experiences with other boys.

He ended up finally in the Spurwink School, a center in Portland, Maine, for emotionally disturbed boys. By then he had lived with twelve foster parents and had been in eleven hospitals and one custodial shelter in seven years. Today, at nine, after two years of understanding care by a staff of professionals at the school, Ralph is beginning to trust adults again. But it is unlikely that he will ever return home.

Ralph is part of a growing class of unwanted American children for whom "temporary" foster care has become a permanent way of life. There are more than 100,000 such children—a third of all in foster care—the Child Welfare League of America estimates conservatively. For them childhood means growing up in an institution or being bounced from one set of foster parents to another again and again.

Every year hundreds more are added to what social workers call the "orphans of the living," the "kids in cold storage." The totals are rising in pace with a burgeoning population, and shocking cases of personality damage are occurring despite modern institutional methods and a philosophy of sympathetic foster-parent care that has become all-pervasive in America in the last thirty years. That philosophy, summed up in "The Children's Charter" adopted by the 1930 White House Conference on Children and Youth, is: Every child is entitled to "a home and that love

Richard Haitch, New York Times copy *editor, spent five months making a nation-wide survey of child foster-care needs in preparation for this article.*

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and security which a home provides."

At an initial glance, this approach seems sound enough. The eternal goal is to find foster parents for every homeless child. Failing that, the goal is to put him in an institution that is as much like home as possible. Under the impetus of this philosophy the austere, congregate children's asylums that stirred the ire of reformers at the turn of the century have all but vanished. The majority have split up into dormitories, cottages and the like in attempts to simulate a homelike atmosphere. Many have added such family touches as giving weekly spending money to their young charges.

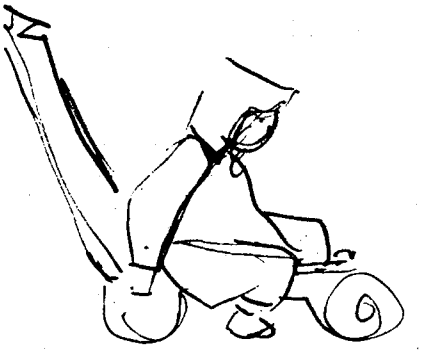
Between foster parents and "homey" institutions, the nation's waifs are supposed to be in good hands. But let us visit the nation's No. 1 city, New York, and see how the theory is working in practice. In New York the need for foster care is incessant. There a child dies every week as a result of physical violence in the home, according to Dr. Milton Helpern, the city's chief medical examiner.

Some 20,000 children in New York are receiving foster care from public and private agencies. Ninety are babies who are "vegetating" in hospitals for want of a better place to exist, reports Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson. They are known as "well babies," because they have no physical sickness to justify their confinement to hospitals. They mope day after day in cribs, caged in with nets to prevent them from falling out. With only limited attention from busy attendants, they suck their fingers and rock their tiny bodies for hours on end in an effort to comfort themselves. Smiles are rare in the well-baby wards. Some infants stay a year in their unreal 2.3-by-5-foot worlds. Then they move on to public shelters.

As many as 870 homeless children have been packed into three so-called "temporary" municipal shelters, built to hold 520. Temporary care in New York is defined as up to three months. Many of these children remain three years. The more fortunate ones move on to jammed, long-term institutions or, with exceptionally good fortune, to foster parents.

Two thousand unfortunates need foster-family care, but can't get it. Why? Because of a general shortage of foster parents, for one thing. But more than 60 per cent of all the city's homeless children have another big strike against them. They are either Negro or Puerto Rican. And few Negro and Puerto Rican families have the room or the income to take in foster children.

"As a result of a mounting backlog," Mr. Dumpson said in his 1962-63 budget message, "the public shelters have operated recently



as high as 166 per cent of capacity, with recreational areas given up to make room for beds and some children sleeping two in a crib."

A tour through New York's Children's Center (boys and girls two to sixteen years old) and Callagy Hall (girls six to sixteen) is in some respects like a tour through Shantytown. What is described in a published annual report as "cheerful surroundings" turns out to be peeling paint, chipped plaster and discolored ceilings and walls.

In the Children's Center a snack bar, several recreation areas and even school classrooms have been converted to cramped living quarters. City health regulations call for two feet of space between each bed. The rule is frequently ignored, because the shelter simply cannot afford to give up the space.

At Callagy Hall fifty to sixty girls have no quarters of their own. Each night they sleep, flophouse style, on portable cots in a windowless auditorium. Each morning their bedding and extra clothing are stored out of sight. Callagy is on the fringe of the Bowery, New York's Skid Row, and incidents between degenerates and some of the girls are inevitable at times.

After two years in a "temporary" public shelter in New York, a ten-year-old boy began to picture himself as dead. "You can't do anything," he told a psychiatrist. "You just lie and rot. It's like a devil on the inside who says, 'Don't be happy.' "

Psychiatrists will tell you that severe depression like this may result in suicide some day. There are, in fact, a handful of suicide attempts each year by children in the New York public shelters. Some are classified as mere attention-getting, but others are viewed as serious enough to commit the children to Bellevue Hospital for mental observation.

Some welfare workers like to refer to New York as "atypical." But in reality its foster-care nightmare is a magnified view of what many American communities are facing and what still others will face soon. Waiting lists for foster care are growing in nearly every area of the United States. Welfare agencies in every state concede that children are suffering psychological damage either through prolonged stays in ill-equipped institutions or through placement by default in substandard foster homes, where the youngsters with emotional problems go downhill fast.

"Hell, we're not giving these kids love," the director of one swarming shelter in the East admits bitterly. "We're giving them food and clothing, a roof over their heads and some schooling—the best we can offer here. But let's not kid ourselves. We're not being parents to them."

Why has this deplorable situation come about? Like human cancer, the foster-child plague that is sweeping the country cannot be pinned exclusively on any single cause, except to say broadly that it is a social disease. In New York, as in some other big cities like Chicago, Cleveland and San Francisco, shifting populations have exacerbated the problem. Rapid inflows of minority groups—Negroes and Puerto Ricans, in particular—have made migration the successor to immigration as a fountainhead of misery. When family breakdowns occur, the new migrants have few, if any, nearby relatives or intimate friends to turn to for help. Their children become the wards of public and private welfare agencies.

But many smaller, more stable cities and rural areas also have a foster-care crisis. Such states as Maine, Wyoming and Hawaii do not have the large numbers of fos-

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ter children that more populous states have, but proportionately their problem is no less perplexing.

A soaring American population —64,474,000 children in 1960 and 88,445,000 estimated by 1975, according to the United States Children's Bureau — doesn't ease the problem, of course. Neither do penny-wise and pound-foolish state and local welfare programs.

Two causes appear universal, however. One is that foster-care cases have become more complex psychologically than they once were, and most welfare programs are not geared to treat them. The second is that the people at the heart of the foster-parent program —the volunteer parents and trained social workers—have become in critically short supply.

The majority of children entering foster care are no longer the relatively simple cases of normal, healthy orphans or half-orphans committed by relatives or a poverty-stricken widow. The extension of parental life spans (through modern medicine and the alleviation of poverty through federal and local relief) has made the old orphan-asylum inmate a rarity in the United States. The case of the Cartmell Home for the Aged and Orphans, set up in Palestine, Texas, under the will of a spinster, is a modern classic. The directors tried by press, radio, television and letters to social agencies to find twelve occupants for the home's new orphanage. They gave up after sixteen months; not one eligible orphan could be found in the state.

Studies by the Children's Bureau and by such states as Nebraska, West Virginia and South Carolina indicate that broken homes, parental neglect and illegitimacy account for at least 80 to 90 per cent of all children going into public and private foster care today. They are mainly rejected youngsters with highly complicated personality problems.

"Foster care has changed tremendously in the last twenty years from being mainly the means to meeting the needs of the dependent child to a service to the neglected," says Thomas J. S. Waxter, Maryland's director of public welfare. "And the children are growing more and more difficult as they come from situations of neglect."

The failure to meet their emotional needs has led some top welfare strategists to conclude that the foster agencies are fighting a losing battle.

"Foster-home care may be doomed in this country as the major long-range solution to the problem," says Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League. "Unless radical changes are made in the program, it seems likely to die. Foster parents have been asked to do entirely too much of the job."

What they are being asked to do in too many cases is to play amateur psychiatrist to thousands of troubled waifs who might be better served in residential treatment centers. Such centers are small, costly installations, frequently cottage-type, staffed by psychiatrists, psychologists and trained social workers. They are in extremely short supply throughout the United States.

But even when they can be of some help, good foster parents are becoming increasingly harder to find. The need for them is nation-wide, a recent state-by-state survey by this writer shows. State welfare directors describe the shortage as generally critical in forty-one states and pressing in some areas in eight others. (Idaho, with no central coordination of child welfare, reports it doesn't know.)

"We used to place foster children on farms, but urbanization has wiped out thousands of homes in the country," says Helen R. Hagan, special consultant to the Child Welfare League. "Housing is a big problem, especially in cities. People live in small houses or small apartments today and just don't have the room to take in a foster child. And more and more we are encountering resistance from the few areas we have left to turn to."

Resistance runs high in suburbia throughout the country. Many a court fight has taken place over whether a foster child might attend a suburban school. Publicly, such battles center on legally arguable issues: residence requirements, or the contention that the "outsiders" help raise taxes by using the community facilities. Privately, some suburbanites admit that the real reason is they don't want their children associating with too many Negroes or "problem children."

"Modern society isn't as family-centered as it used to be," is another complaint of social workers. Before World War II there were only 1,500,000 working mothers in the United States—about a tenth of all mothers. Today there are 8,700,000, a third of all mothers. A working mother barely has time to care for her own children, let alone a foster child.

On top of this, the welfare agencies are by tradition zealously strict about accepting would-be foster parents. Rejections run fantastically high. Of every one hundred couples who apply, only three to seven are ordinarily accepted. To be eligible, a couple must be prepared to love someone else's child unstintingly, satisfy his physical and emotional needs, tolerate visits by a social worker and the child's own parents, and willingly surrender the child when other planning is indicated. For this the welfare agencies grant a monthly allowance that is intended to (but often doesn't) cover expenses for food and shelter. Special care, clothing, medical treatment and other unusual outlays call for extra stipends.

Many children end up happily with foster parents. But in the scramble for care, the children with the greatest troubles—those who might be expected to benefit the most—frequently find themselves out of the running. They may be passed up by prospective foster parents if they are any of the following:

- Infants and handicapped children (need too much attention).
- Teen-agers (apt to be hard to manage).
- Hostile youngsters, who "act out" their emotional disturbances (nobody likes a "bad" child).
- Retarded youngsters (it's more satisfying to be identified with an intelligent child).
- Negroes, Indians, Puerto Ricans or Mexicans of any age ("ought to be taken care of by their own kind").

Raymond W. Riese, Oregon's director of child welfare, says: "Most applicants to become foster parents are looking for companionship for themselves or for their own child, want a substitute for a child they never had or who is no longer with them—a child to fill an emotional vacuum. They do not want children with serious problems."

To be concluded next week.

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Reapportionment

Breaking the Rural Strangle Hold . . Will Maslow

The momentous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in *Baker v. Carr*, the Tennessee reapportionment case, and the thirty-odd state and federal decisions which it evoked, indicate that we are on the threshold of a development that may vastly improve our legislative bodies. More than fifty suits have been started in thirty-eight different states in the twelve months that have elapsed since the Supreme Court ruled that "invidious discrimination" in the apportionment or districting of a state legislature violated the Fourteenth Amendment. Although none of these suits has yet resulted in the permanent and equitable "remap" of a state legislature, enough has already been accomplished to quicken hope that the rural strangle hold of our state legislatures may soon be broken. There has been more action on reapportionment in this last year than in the prior twenty-five years. However, no equivalent attack has yet been mounted on the gerrymandering of Congressional seats.

The decision in *Baker v. Carr* was handed down on March 26, 1962. Heroic efforts were at once made by disfranchised urban voters to enjoin the 1962 primaries to compel reapportionment of the state legislatures to be chosen in the general elections. But while fifteen state and federal district courts moved with unprecedented speed to find that existing legislative apportionments denied certain voters equal protection of the laws, they were not prepared, in the summer of 1962, to fashion judicial remedies until this year's state legislatures had an opportunity to correct glaring discrepancies in voting power. However, federal courts in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Tennessee, and the state courts in Maryland, prodded state legislatures into special session, and temporary arrangements were hurriedly devised which increased urban representation in one or both chambers.

Forty-seven of the state legislatures will be in session this year. Even those that have not been warned by the courts are on notice that failure to reapportion equitably may result in judicial remedies for malapportionment.

Perhaps the greatest gains from last year's litigation were achieved in Georgia. The infamous "county unit" plan—whereby candidates for state offices and Congressional districts were required to obtain not a popular majority, but only a majority of the units assigned to counties and districts—was invalidated. On March 18, the Supreme Court not only sustained this decision, but went further: by a vote of 8 to 1, it outlawed any voting system in which votes were weighted. The Court stated that our "conception of equality . . . can mean only one thing—one person, one vote." The opinion, of course, does not affect apportionment of state legislators, but the overtones are unmistakable.

Another law suit in Georgia led to a reapportionment of the state senate hastily enacted by a special legislative session. Metropolitan Atlanta, and other urban areas were assigned twenty-three of the fifty-four senate seats. In one senatorial district in Atlanta, with a heavy Negro concentration, two Negroes ran against each other in the general elections and Leroy Johnson, the Democratic candidate, was elected—the first Negro to serve in the Georgia legislature since Reconstruction.

In Tennessee, the legislature was called into special session even before the Supreme Court had remanded *Baker v. Carr* to the Federal District Court. The legislature enacted measures increasing the representation of the state's four metropolitan counties from about one-half to three-quarters of the number to which they would have been entitled on population standards. The federal court held, however, that the remap was still inadequate, and decided that the legislature to be elected in 1962 on the basis of the improved apportionment should have until June, this year, to revise the apportionment. The Court stated that "at least one house [of the legislature] should be based fully on population."

There have been surprisingly few setbacks in the coast-to-coast effort to overcome districting frozen for a generation. (Twenty-seven states have not reapportioned their state legislatures in twenty-five years; in eight states in more than fifty years.) A three-man federal district court upheld the apportionment in New York State fixed by its 1894 constitution; an appeal to the Supreme Court is now pending. New Hampshire's singular arrangement, whereby senate seats are divided according to direct taxes paid, was ruled constitutional. (The plan, though odd, is probably equivalent to representation based on population.) Suits in South Dakota and Wyoming were dismissed on technical grounds and efforts to challenge the reapportionment of Congressional seats in Florida, Georgia and Texas failed.

The federal and state courts that were suddenly confronted with reapportionment issues had little guidance from the Supreme Court. *Baker v. Carr* laid down no guide lines, substantive or procedural, and deliberately refused to indicate the extent of discrimination that would render an apportionment plan unconstitutional. After its decision in the Tennessee case, the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the Michigan Supreme Court and of a district court in New York, remanding both cases for further consideration in the light of *Baker v. Carr*, but giving no further clarification. Whether the Court can continue to avoid coming to grips with the thorny problems involved remains to be seen. On its fall docket are no less than ten reapportionment cases from Alabama, Georgia, Maryland, Michigan, New York, Oklahoma and Virginia.

Many questions must be decided. Must a state apportion both houses of its legislature on a population basis, or is a "federal plan" (with representation in one house based on geography or political subdivisions) sufficient? May a federal court set aside an inequitable dis-

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tribution that was approved originally by popular vote? Must a federal court refrain from judicial intervention if a state allows its voters by initiative and referendum to by-pass the state legislature and place an apportionment plan on the ballot? Are federal courts limited to situations, like Tennessee, where apportionment plans violate state constitutions, or may they strike down discriminatory plans required by such constitutions? May an apportionment originally valid become unconstitutional by reason of the passage of time or changed circumstances? Is an apportionment constitutional because it is rational, i.e., based on some plan or principle, such as geography, even though it is obviously inequitable and discriminatory? And, finally, and perhaps most difficult: How discriminatory must a system be to violate the Fourteenth Amendment?

Some courts have been beguiled into sanctioning the so-called federal plan under which one house of a state legislature is apportioned on the basis of geography, not population. Others have explicitly rejected the federal analogy, pointing out that while a sovereign state may be entitled to equality of representation in the U.S. Senate, a political subdivision, like a county, is not. After all, small states gained equality in the original Constitution because, without such representation, there would have been no union. But our notions of voting equality have advanced since the eighteenth century and no such sacrifice of principle is required now.

Apart from the sixteen states which sanction the federal plan, there are twenty-five others in which the population basis of apportionment is qualified, usually by the requirement that each county, no matter how small, is entitled to at least one representative in one or both houses. The inevitable result of such qualifications is rural over-representation.

Some lower courts have struggled to find a numerical formula for voting inequality. A federal district court in Georgia indicated that it would sanction discrepancies in voting power provided the ensuing discrimination did not exceed the disparity that exists against any state in the Electoral College. But Alaska has one vote in the Electoral College for each bloc of 75,000 persons, whereas California has one elector for each 393,000. Thus the Electoral College analogy would sanction districts having a five-to-one advantage over others. On the other hand, a three-man federal court in New York found no constitutional discrimination in the 1894 apportionment under which it was alleged that state senate districts varied in population from 146,000 to 344,000 and assembly districts from 14,000 to 115,000.

"Paw, I've come back for Sis."

Congressional districting presents simpler problems. The apportionment of seats in the House of Representatives among the states is done automatically each decade in accordance with census figures. But each state legislature is then free to draw its own Congressional district lines, dividing the seats allotted to it. Rurally dominated legislatures then proceed to gerrymander, diluting the value of urban and Negro votes. In Michigan, Congressional districts range in population from 177,000 to 802,000; in Texas, from 216,000 to 951,000; in Georgia from 272,000 to 823,000. In Florida, the state supreme court last October found nothing improper in a system whereby Congressional districts varied from 237,000 to 660,000.

Wherever there are large blocs of Negro voters, they are concentrated in one Congressional district instead of being dispersed among several which they might control or carry. According to a study published in *Ebony* magazine, Negroes constitute 17.8 per cent of the population of our thirty largest cities, yet there will be only five Negro Congressmen in the 88th Congress.

But Congress has the power not only to require "compact and contiguous" districts, but to forbid large population variances. Congressman Celler's bill, which will undoubtedly be pushed in 1963, forbids any Congressional district to vary from a state-wide average by more than 20 per cent, a minimum range enjoyed today in only a dozen states.

Perhaps the best way of appreciating the speed and forthrightness of the courts in coping with these unprecedented problems is to describe some of the most striking cases. On April 14, 1962, a three-judge federal district court, having before it an application for a temporary injunction to prevent the holding in Alabama of the state primary elections of May, 1962, and the general elections of November, 1962, did not wait for the introduction of evidence. It quoted the Alabama constitution requiring that "representation in the legislature shall be based upon population" and revised decennially, and took judicial notice of an Alabama state court decision that there had been no reapportionment based on population changes since 1901. It then postponed the suit until July 16, 1962, to give the Alabama legislature opportunity to comply with the state constitutional mandate.

The Alabama legislature was called into special session on June 5 and on July 12, four days before the judicial deadline, approved a proposed constitutional amendment (subject to popular ratification) reapportioning the state senate and lower chamber. It also adopted a stand-by statute, apportioning each chamber on a different basis to become effective if the constitutional amendment were rejected by the federal court or the people.

On July 21, the federal district court found that both the constitutional amendment and the stand-by measure were inacceptable and voided both. It then promulgated a temporary reapportionment plan solely to elect the 1963 legislature, incorporating the house apportionment of the constitutional amendment and the senate apportionment of the stand-by measure, choosing for each house the plan closest to

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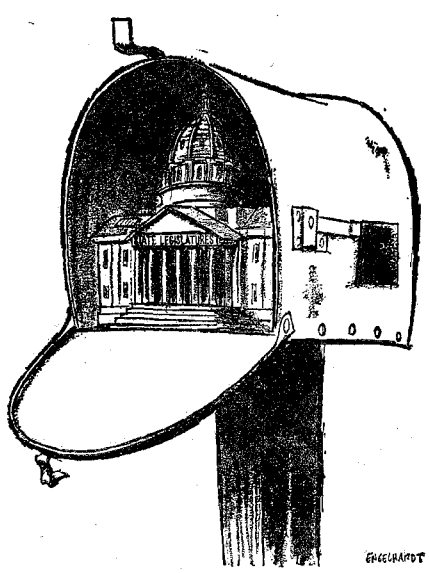
true equality of representation. The court specifically rejected a "federal plan" which, indeed, would have been worse than the existing malapportionment. This was the first time a federal court had ever actually reapportioned a state legislature and was the first reapportionment in Alabama since 1901. Two days later, Gov. John Patterson (who has earned national notoriety for his intransigence on Negro suffrage and desegregation) accepted the order of the federal court. An effort to obtain a stay of the order from Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black proved unsuccessful and a second primary election was held in August, 1962.

The representation of urban areas has been increased in the new legislature, the Birmingham delegation being enlarged from seven to seventeen and that from Mobile County from three to eighteen. Nevertheless, 27.6 per cent of the people of Alabama still elect a majority of the Alabama senate.

The district court has meanwhile retained jurisdiction of the case (*Sims v. Frink*) in order to give this year's Alabama legislature an opportunity to provide for a true reapportionment of both houses and to break what the court called "the strangle hold." But the court warned that if the 1963 legislature failed to act, it would exercise its "solemn duty" to prevent a denial of the equal protection of the law.

Not all courts have been as forceful in seeking to achieve equality of representation. On July 23, 1962, a federal district court invalidated Florida's 1961 reapportionment and ordered a new plan to be promulgated for the 1962 elections, warning that if it were not done, the court would itself "fashion a remedy of judicial apportionment by judicial decree." The legislature met in special session in August, 1962, and drew up a new plan, which the court approved on September 6.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Rural Free Delivery

The apportionment plan was, however, rejected by the voters, the opposition being greatest in the more populous counties and cities. The Florida legislature was again called into special session to draft a new apportionment, but after twenty days of deadlock it adjourned without any action, leaving the matter once more in the hands of the federal court.

State courts were no less forceful than federal courts. On April 23, 1962, the U. S. Supreme Court, in a one-sentence opinion, reinstated a complaint in an apportionment suit brought by August Scholle, head of the Michigan State Federation of Labor, which the Michigan supreme court had dismissed (by a 5-to-3 vote) in 1960. On July 18, 1962, Michigan's highest court invalidated (by a 4-to-3 vote) the apportionment for the state senate which had been frozen into the constitution and approved by the voters in 1952. It also enjoined the primary election only three weeks off. The court "respectfully advised" that a new apportionment was urgently required, but warned that if it were not forthcoming, state senators would be chosen at large in a state-wide primary to be held on September 11.

The majority of the court found the largest senate district contained twelve times as many people as the smallest, and that 53 per cent of the state's population chose only 29 per cent of the senate. It ruled that such a discrepancy violated the Fourteenth Amendment.

At this juncture, Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart stayed the Michigan court's ruling pending an appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, thus reinstating the August primaries and making impossible any revision of Michigan apportionment until 1963. If the Supreme Court now agrees to hear *Scholle v. Hare*, it will have to decide whether one house of a state legislature may be chosen on the basis of geography, not population.

The litigation in Maryland demonstrates that rural domination of a state's legislature can only be broken by a court or the threat of court action. The Maryland constitution allots one senator to each county and six to Baltimore City, and also apportions the 123 members of the House of Delegates. The state legislature is given no express power to apportion. As a result, Baltimore and its four suburban counties, which contain 76 per cent of the state's population, elected only 34 per cent of the senate and 49 per cent of the house. Bills to call a constitutional convention have repeatedly failed because of rural opposition, even after proposals for such a convention had been approved by the voters.

On April 25, 1962, after reciting the above facts, the Maryland supreme court directed a lower court to receive evidence whether unconstitutional discrimination existed in the apportionment of either Maryland house. On May 24, 1962, Chancellor Duckett ruled that the Maryland senate might properly be chosen on the basis of geographical areas, but that the house apportionment was illegal. On May 24, the Maryland General Assembly met and reapportioned the Maryland house by creating nineteen new seats, which for the first time gave Baltimore and its four suburban counties control of that chamber. On July 23, the Maryland supreme court approved the house reapportionment, but ruled that the senate did not have to be chosen on a population basis. An appeal has been taken to the U. S. Supreme Court.

The litigation I have described above and the other cases for which a detailed description is impossible because of space limitation demonstrate that all of Justice Frankfurter's gloomy prophecies in his *Baker v. Carr* dissent have been disproved. The state legislatures have not played "ducks and drakes with the judiciary." The same courts which acquiesced in the patent circumvention of the Supreme Court's mandate in the school-segregation cases were quick to see and forceful to reject counterfeit reapportionment. The legislatures have heeded the courts' "admonitions." The courts have not been sunk in a "mathematical quagmire" because of the lack of judicial standards on voting inequality. There has been no flouting of any court's decision.

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And most important, there has been no weakening of the popular will in exclusive reliance on the judiciary. On the contrary, the litigation has revealed the extent of urban disfranchisement and released pent-up resentment.

Legislative redistricting referenda were on the ballot in twelve states in the last elections. In seven states, the voters approved easier procedures for future apportionments or defeated plans unfair to urban voters. In five others, however, including California, voters either rejected plans to give urban areas more representation or else approved plans unfair by population standards.

A great debate is now developing and political scientists and good-government groups can testify that more hard thinking is being done about legislative apportionment than the country has witnessed in decades. "One man, one vote" is becoming a rallying cry. Voter apathy is being replaced by voter determination and the courts are playing a catalytic role in stimulating legislation, shaping popular attitudes and preserving the fundamental principle of our democracy: the equality of man under the rule of law.

Much remains to be done. A recent study by the National Municipal League shows that less than 30 per cent of the population is able to elect a majority of the lower house in thirteen state legislatures and a majority of the upper house in twenty states.

This year's state legislative sessions—if they heed the responsibilities imposed on them by the courts and the Fourteenth Amendment—must address themselves to the ultimate goal: A system of legislative apportionment that is as automatic and mechanical as possible, in which rural domination of our state and federal legislatures is broken and in which the needs of the people, by now primarily urban, are filled by a legislature that is responsible, and responsive, to them.

The Air Force Murder Case . . . . . Jack Foisie

San Francisco

Having finally decided not to try Airman Gerald Anderson for a double murder, a charge on which he already had been exonerated by civilian courts, Air Force authorities are asking: what was all the shouting about? Public, legislative and judicial interest in the case arose last December after Anderson, freed by the confession of another man, returned to his Mountain Home Air Force Base in southern Idaho. He was immediately rearrested—for the same murders.

The obvious question was asked by newsmen:

Did the Air Force have new evidence to connect Anderson to the slayings of mother and child in the town of Mountain Home eight months before? If so, why had it not turned over the new facts to civilian authorities? Colonel Charles Allard, commanding the air base, declined to answer.

From the very start, it appeared that Air Force investigators fixed their sights on Anderson. It was not an unwarranted attitude at first; there was circumstantial evidence connecting him with the crimes. But later, other evidence that took Anderson off the spot was ignored or discounted.

Anderson, his wife, Jane, and their three children lived kitty-corner from another airman, Alec Johnson, his wife, Nancy, and their two-year-old son, Danny. The two families were in ramshackle quarters—all they could afford—on a dirt road on the fringe of town, twelve miles from the air base.

Nancy's husband returned home in the morning hours of April 10, last year, from a celebration of his impending transfer to duty in Spain. Entering the house through the back door (the front door had been jammed closed for weeks), Johnson stumbled across the body of Nancy, her night clothes in disarray and bloodstained. He did not see the body of Danny, his throat cut, although it lay nearby.

Shocked into sobriety, Johnson ran to the Andersons and wakened Gerald. Anderson dressed and went for police, returning with them to enter the Johnson house and view the corpses.

It was Saturday and Anderson did not have to report to the base. After a few hours more of sleep, he went downtown and began drinking beer. Soon he was boasting of his knowledge of the crime and he mixed his talk with remorseful blabbering about how sorry he was that he "had done it." (He was later to explain, countless times, that his remorse was over getting drunk, after he had promised Jane he would go on the wagon.)

Anderson's talk was reported to the police, who informed the Air Police. The next day Anderson was ordered in for questioning. The record of the interrogation clearly indicates that Air Force agents were already measuring his neck for the noose. And after five days of intermittent questioning, much of it at night—some sessions lasted as long as eight hours—they got what they considered a clincher: a confession.

True, Anderson's account of the crime was extremely vague, but the agents reasoned that the "blackout" defense they had suggested to him would explain the vagueness to the jury. True, also, Anderson still denied the murder of the boy. He loved children—his own, Danny, everybody's. There was ample evidence that he treated the neighborhood children with candy and ice cream. Still, the Air Force was content: they had Anderson for one murder; the second one did not matter. And, on this premise, they turned him over to Elmore County authorities for trial.

All that Sheriff Earl Winter and County Prosecutor Francis Hicks had in the way of real evidence were the Air Force-obtained confession, which told almost nothing about how the murders were committed. But even this much was shortly denied them, for the confession was almost immediately repudiated by Anderson. Nevertheless, they went ahead with preparations for trial, but the illness of court-appointed defense counsel delayed the date month after month.

And in November, they got a

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new confession—and not from Anderson. This one was made by an itinerant youth in a Boise jail, fifty miles away, who already was facing a murder charge on another rape-slaying. This youth was Theodore T. Dickie. His account of the Nancy and Danny Johnson slayings included details which had never been published in news reports. Dickie is now in jail, awaiting trial on the charge on which he was arrested. He may never be tried for the Johnson killings.

On November 27, the State of Idaho dismissed murder charges against Gerald Anderson. He dutifully reported back to base, was immediately rearrested, and next day re-charged with the Johnson murders, principally on the insistence of local Air Force officials, who don't like to surrender easily—not even in the face of facts. But after a few weeks some of the facts apparently drifted into the purview of higher Air Force levels, where the decision was made that there was no real evidence against Anderson. He was finally released and, on his plea of family hardship, given an honorary separation from the service.

All this broke into the open the conflict between civil and military justice and brought to Mountain Home some big-city reporters. A transcript of the original Air Force interrogation was bootlegged to Paul Weeks of the *Los Angeles Times* and myself. Had Anderson's confession been gained through coercion or "brainwashing"? The secretly taped records made by the interrogators now were available for judgment.

The Justice Department ordered FBI agents from Boise and Missoula, Montana, to investigate. Meanwhile, Anderson's attorney, Robert McLaughlin, went into federal district court in Boise in an effort to free his client from the guardhouse—and if possible, from the Air Force.

Judge Chase Clark was receptive. He ruled provisionally that the Air Force had surrendered jurisdiction over the young man when it turned him over to civilian authority for trial. It could have tried him by court-martial. But Judge Clark admitted he might be on shaky legal ground and he gave Air Force lawyers two weeks (later extended) to cite cases to prove him wrong. Meantime, he strongly urged the Air Force to free Anderson on its own accord.

Air Force authorities at Mountain Home, just as convinced in December as in April that they had the right man, went ahead with the required pre-trial inquiry as the final step to bringing Anderson to court-martial. As late as January, it still appeared possible that Anderson and Dickie would both be tried for the same crime—one before a civilian jury, one before a board of officers. If both were found guilty, theoretically both could be legally executed. Two unrelated men (no evidence had been found to link them together) could die for the same murders.

This ludicrous possibility amazed the nation, but it seemed only to annoy most of the 8,000 residents of Mountain Home, most of whom depend directly or indirectly on the air base for a living. And the townspeople reasoned that the Anderson-case publicity was endangering town-air base relations. McLaughlin, himself a native of Mountain Home, was regardly sourly as somehow being responsible for all the publicity.

"You are too exuberant in your defense of the boy," a businessman complained. "They might close down the air base to get even."

The kindliest evaluation of the interrogation of Gerald Anderson—which plainly denied the suspect of rights due him under both civil and military law—is that it was conducted by inexperienced members of the Air Force Office of Special Investigation, the FBI of the Air Force. Agent David Mangold was but twenty-three, had been in service only eighteen months, and his knowledge of criminal investigative technique was limited to what he had learned at a ten-week Air Force school. Yet he was one of the three agents assigned to interrogate Anderson. His colleagues were neither much older nor more experienced. The only veteran was a lie-detector expert, Joe Townsend, flown in from Denver.

Attorney McLaughlin, after viewing the transcript, said the agents were hardly qualified to investigate the theft of a pair of socks from a foot locker. "A man's possible connection with a capital crime is not a subject to be entrusted to eager young beavers," he declared.

For example, the transcript shows that Anderson was given the required warning about self-incrimination through the reading to him of Article 31 of the Military Code. But Anderson obviously did not understand what he had heard. "Anything I would say wouldn't hurt me?" he asked investigator William Welsch. Welsch did not reply; he merely started asking questions.

And Welsch assured Anderson on another occasion: "You understand everything we say here is between you and me. In other words, the only thing I just want to shoot the bull and get a little background from you." While he was making this little prefatory statement, the tape was already running to record everything Anderson said.

Nor was the young airman given a real opportunity to acquire counsel. At one point, Anderson asked: "Can't I have somebody in here with me?" The legal answer is, "Yes." But Welsch replied: "You've got to stand on your own two feet. You're a man. . . ."

There is a time limit on how long a man may be questioned before he is charged with a crime. Anderson may not be overly bright, but the tape of the interrogation and other records support his complaint that he assumed from the beginning that he was being questioned as a material witness, not as a suspect. "I didn't know they had no right to hold me without making formal charges," he said. "I was in the Air Force. If they tell you to sleep in the stockade overnight, you sleep there."

The transcript shows that Anderson answered questions readily, even though some answers were damaging. For example, he admitted having been in the Johnson home with Nancy shortly before the crime could have been committed. He admitted having made a suggestive remark to her. He said she turned him aside with a joke about his being "insufficient" to please her. The agents, seizing on this admission, charged that instead of going home to Jane and TV and bed, as Anderson said he had done, he had become incensed over Nancy's slur on his manhood, attacked her and, when she resisted, stabbed her. When Danny heard the screams and toddled in crying,

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the agents continued, Anderson silenced him by cutting his throat.

Anderson now awoke to his peril. He denied, in session after session, that he had done any such things.

At this stage, Townsend the professional became the chief questioner, preparing the way for a lie-detector test. Anderson was urged to admit that he might have suffered a "mental blackout." In that state, Townsend explained, a man was perfectly capable of committing crimes he would otherwise be incapable of committing.

The transcript indicates that under the hammering, Anderson became exhausted, confused and pliable, growing unsure of his memory. When Townsend said he had flunked critical questions in the lie tests (experts who later saw the tapes disagree), the accused was badly shaken. Then came a threat that his wife would be tried as an accomplice unless he would shoulder the guilt alone. "Let me see Jane," he pleaded, but this was denied. He asked what would happen to his children and was told they would be sent to foster homes if he did not confess.

And so Anderson confessed killing Nancy Johnson. But as to the boy, he sturdily maintained his innocence.

Few people knew, until the transcript fell into the hands of Weeks and myself, that one of the Air Force investigators, Robert Jent, had expressed doubt about Anderson's guilt even after the confession was obtained. Jent asked to be taken off the case. Colonel Charles Allard apparently was never informed of this, nor was he aware, apparently, that an Air Force lawyer had protested, during the interrogation, that Anderson was denied his legal rights in not being permitted to obtain defense counsel.

Many civilian law officers were concerned that the "amateurish questioning" of Anderson, if made the subject of court inquiry, might result in a legal decision which would hamper legitimate methods of interrogation in the future. A deputy prosecutor in Boise said: "An unfavorable opinion on the methods used to obtain a confession in the Anderson case could become a crutch for every defense lawyer in the country."

There were indications, since strongly denied, that this concern reached all the way to the Justice Department. The FBI investigation into the Anderson interrogation never has been released; the FBI agents, in fact, were pulled off the case after two or three days. They contended that Anderson was uncooperative. McLaughlin said that all the relevant evidence was in the transcript of the interrogation and he objected to the detailed re-questioning by the FBI of his client about the crime itself.

One recommendation that may arise out of the Anderson case is that the military retain a corps of civilian investigators, well trained and well paid, for handling criminal cases within the services. The present agents usually are enlisted men or warrant officers. They are, as the tender age of Mangold indicates, mostly young men with no police experience prior to entering service. Their on-the-job training is haphazard. They cannot be expected to serve the cause of justice as it should be served.

Caribbean Isles

Sullenness Under the Sun.. Norman Thomas di Giovanni

St. Kitts, Nevis and Antigua

COLONIAL RULERS: In what remains of the British West Indies—in St. Kitts and Antigua, anyway—old-fashioned colonial foreign rulers are as hard to find as a needle in the cane fields. By accident one afternoon in Antigua, I wandered onto the spacious grounds of the Governor's residence, not realizing what the place was. The house, a great white wooden affair set far back from the road among tall trees and gardens, had a fine porch and a West Indian roof of corrugated iron painted green. A sentry and sentry box at the driveway entrance — so much decoration, I thought—made me believe it was a public building. But not until I'd marched down the drive past lawn-tennis and croquet courts did I realize my mistake, and just then, as I was about to retreat behind the vines and shrubbery at the far end of the porch, I glimpsed the Governor and his family and dog at tea. The Governor was white, of course, and the scene is worth setting only because it was so removed from the daily life of the island. This, no doubt, was the Governor's preference.

What else of official colonialism I could discern were mere quaint fragments and relics of a dead past. There was the uniform of the sentry (most of the traffic policemen and immigration officers at the airports were dressed similarly), a spanking white jacket with a high and tight collar and white tropical helmet that seemed a perfect subject for a colored postcard. There was the Queen's portrait on postage stamps, and during these same days in Antigua I kept falling across the trail left by Princess Margaret and her husband on their visit a few years before. In St. John's, a number of shopkeepers showed me snapshots of the royal couple, and at Gordon's Anglo-American Store they even produced a sales slip listing the goods the Princess had bought there. At Nelson's Dockyard, on the other side of the island, the visitors' register was closed forever and displayed under glass at the page where the royal hand had penned in huge letters, "Marg." She and Tony had signed other pages of other books, too, and all of them were dutifully on exhibit. It was hard to tell how much of this was the genuine expression of the people—a kind of afterglow of the royal visit—and how much was put on to intrigue touring Americans who need such things to highlight their travels.

By contrast with this, what you

Norman Thomas di Giovanni, who has contributed articles and translations of Spanish and Italian poetry to The Nation, *recently returned from a lengthy stay in the West Indies.*

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do not see is more important: there are no alien troops, no fortifications, no menacing police or imperial monuments, and barely a Union Jack fluttering anywhere. The real foreign governors are not in the islands at all, but 3,000 miles away in London in the Colonial Office, and it is only an accident to encounter the Crown-appointed white members of the various island legislatures. And these men, holding on by a frayed thread, are so obviously anachronisms that the conclusion comes easy: the old colonialism is dead.

COLONIAL SUBJECTS: Colonialism may be dead for its rulers, but for its subjects it lives on. In St. Kitts, everywhere from the edge of the mountain forests down to the sea, the slopes are blanketed in sugar cane. Working in the cane is brutal and meaningless; it neither pays sufficiently nor gives a man any satisfaction. Yet after three hundred years the cultivation of sugar cane is still the island's single industry. Sugar also leaves the greater number of men unemployed for most of the year, and if, as in St. Kitts, cane occupies the best

land, insufficient food crops are grown. For the average man, the economics of this is a nightmare. In the public market place, where the pitifully meager produce grown in dooryards and on the margins of cane land is offered for sale, I saw one woman offering five okras the size of fingers, a handful of tiny limes, a single papaya; another selling a bunch of bananas, two bunches of herbs, a pile of some weed they call spinach; and outside on the street a man from Anguilla, an island sixty miles distant, with a few West Indian limes and a rusted canful of rock salt. The grocery stores, on the other hand, are an international food fair, stocked with canned goods from British Commonwealth and other nations. There is butter from New Zealand and beef from Australia; canned milk from the United States and frankfurters from Denmark. Prices in the public market are absurdly low and in the groceries terrifically high. St. Kitts does not even produce its own rum, but imports that widely consumed item from Antigua and Barbados. It is not hard to see why demoralization is a fact of life in these islands.

After the stifling dry heat of breathless nights, I took to the streets early and usually ended along the piers watching the boats and seeking the slightest current of air. This was in Basseterre, the capital of St. Kitts, a month or so after the end of the cane crop, during the season of "underemployment." In the more fashionable part of town, around the lovely green and among the unpainted wooden houses with shingle roofs and small glass-paned windows much like those on Cape Ann in Massachusetts, it was quiet except for the penetrating whistle of a pair of caged mynahs and a scattering of neat English-looking schoolboys crossing the park. A few blocks west, in narrow dirty streets of tiny run-down houses, people were out carrying water from public taps, and the rum shops were already doing business. Here those downtrodden human beings that are colonialism's true monuments were haggling and cadging drinks; and, pausing, I caught phrases and words in the marvelous and at first almost unintelligible West Indian English.

At this same hour, in this part of town, it was possible to walk along any street and hear the incongruous, cultivated voice of a BBC announcer coming over all the radios, "This is London calling. . . ." On the corners, barefoot boys begged, "Please, boss, a penny." I surrendered my heavy two-penny coppers gladly, always on the verge of lecturing, "Don't call me boss!" Along the beach only a few yards from the road children and even grown men dropped their pants and squatted defecating, their faces seaward staring into the breaking waves. Far across the water the island of Nevis, a volcanic cone whose head is perpetually wrapped in blue-gray clouds, rose straight out of the sea. Everywhere in the distance—off toward Nevis and behind the town to Monkey Hill and the mountains beyond—the legendary beauty of the landscape; everywhere in the foreground, people adrift in hopeless poverty and a claustrophobic atmosphere.

The effects of slavery still strangle the people in countless ways. There is the instability of family life, for one example. Promiscuous sexual relations, dating from slave days when marriage was forbidden, continued after emancipation, and at the present time in the British Caribbean some 70 to 80 per cent of all births are illegitimate. (How ridiculous to apply the property-rights term "illegitimate" to those who own so little!) Although practically no social disgrace is attached to "illegitimacy," it is pointed out that unmarried mothers must work to support their babies, consequently the nursing period is cut short. From infancy the child is stuffed on carbohydrates, the only food both plentiful and inexpensive. On what basis, then, with family units weak or nonexistent, can a much-needed program of birth control be instituted? No one ventures to say. And yet in St. Kitts, like an inexorable tide, the population will more than double in twenty years.

To my mind the worst aspect of the colonial inheritance lies in the area of work. Because of the peculiar circumstances of history in the West Indies, there are men who—at the same time—are out of work and won't work and can't work. They are out of work because there is no work. They won't work because the slavery of their fathers meant centuries of forced labor. After emancipation, understandably, many blacks laid down their hoes and machetes in quiet revolt; in time, shirking work became habitual. They can't work because they grew up without a tradition of skilled labor. Very few slaves were taught trades, since sugar cultivation required only unskilled hands. So despite the years and generations of field work, the blacks—under the influence of white masters whose interest in the land was only to take and not to put back—were neither taught nor allowed the attachment to the soil that makes good farmers.

Today some men work full days in the cane, but most are content to work four or five hours. Others work only a couple of days a week,

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earning just enough to get by. At the end of the season, in a mocking and maddening paradox in this island so desperately in need of fuller employment, a number of acres of cane stand uncut. My sympathies go out to any man who refuses to submit to this slavish labor of the cane fields. But unfortunately, the St. Kitts workingman is far from the level of sophistication necessary to transform his apathetic unprincipled revolt into a militant and moral act.

The white man (about 3 per cent of St. Kitts is white and most of these make up the monied class) does not recognize any but the most superficial truths about the masses of black men. The few blacks who manage to break the bonds of overwhelming oppression are spoken of in the minimal terms: "clever" and "bright." The rest are ignorant and lazy. "They live just like animals," one of these whites told me. But this man's elemental blindness stopped him from completing the picture: the black man lives like an animal because the white man made him so. Of course the white colonial has to be blind—either that or self-condemning—because it is just this animal condition of the blacks from which the white man profits.

Among the St. Kitts whites, there is a destitute handful called Redlegs, gone degenerate from generations of inbreeding. One of the monied whites described them to me matter-of-factly as "fit only to breed with the Negroes." Such is the abysmal pit out of which the black man must climb.

The black man is overwhelmed in his own actual inferiority; what can the black masses know, in their ignorance, of their potential for equality with any man? It is horrifying to consider colonialism's self-perpetuating tendencies. The foreign rulers are withdrawing, but how are the subjects to decolonize themselves? Getting the majority of blacks to hate the minority of whites won't do; the problem is how to get the blacks to love themselves.

DO-IT-YOURSELF COLONIALISM: Effectively, the legislatures of Antigua and St. Kitts are made up of local black members chosen in democratic elections by the people. Deriving from labor parties, they are labor governments, and the members call themselves Socialists. One major problem of these native legislators lies in cutting their bonds with England and at the same time forming a union with a half-dozen other islands in the Leeward and Windward groups strong enough to "go it alone" in a self-governing, independent capacity with eventual Dominion status. So there are talks and talks. But more immediately, these governments face the chief and ticklish problem of attracting foreign investments without getting themselves colonized again. St. Kitts is ready to take a plunge of some kind in light industries and tourism, but is having troubles finding comers; Antigua has plunged, and with its twenty or thirty hotels is already far down the path of a tourist industry.

Industry is the word. Everything in Antigua is geared to the tourist, and one look at the setup tells you this tourist is an American and rich and lazy. Hotel rates are high; taxis have a monopoly on transportation and the fares are exorbitant; and restaurants (I suppose because the hotels are American plan) do not exist. This tourist fever (or hunger) was running so high during my visit that I found it impossible to take a step on St. John's streets without the way being blocked by beseeching taxi drivers. Even in the press, news of the tourist industry dominated all else.

But foreign capital, these black legislators of Antigua were learning, is not easy to control. Speculators made million-dollar resales of sites the government had sold at the nominal price of $250 an acre (in one case it was as low as $35 an acre). "The road construction leading to one hotel," the Chief Minister revealed, "has cost the Government $1,012,000 and this amount is nearly three times the road vote for the territory." New hotels were demanding other services: water supply, electricity and telephones. So first having given away too much—there were also free duty and income-tax concessions—the government was trying to get a little back. A hotel tax was passed, and a committee looked into the possibilities of licensing a casino "as a means of entertainment for visitors" (committee members had just returned from Puerto Rican casinos and were off to those of Aruba and St. Martin). While the Chamber of Commerce opposed the economics of the tax, the Moravian bishop attacked the morality of the gambling house. In the letters column to the newspaper, a native son wrote: "A Casino here would, to those of us who want it, advance our knowledge of the methods of wheels, slot machines, etc., and prepare us for the trip abroad we must one day make." To which the bishop replied in another letter, "You cannot serve God and Mammon."

Youth was being appealed to at the same time. "Just as you are thinking of a career in Law or Medicine or any of the other professions," Antigua's Labor Commissioner told high school students, "think also of a career in the Hotel Industry." And he went on to say, "There is not only the opportunity to become a waiter, or bartender or laundress, but there is also the opportunity to become a chef, a *maître d'hôtel*, or a manager." The girls were told that being a housekeeper in a big hotel was "a responsible and satisfying job." But none of this was what the hotels were peddling, at least not in the promotional material they send abroad to lure Americans. One leaflet I saw read: "The service . . . *your* maid will unpack for you, will valet for you, will even smile for you. These people are so gentle and happy."

It need hardly be pointed out that Socialist leaders in these islands are very, very unrevolutionary Socialists. Masters are swapped—foreign white rulers being replaced by local black ones—but not one blow is dealt the colonial idea of masters and servants. Today the people vote in their new rulers and the people are happy and the people remain at the bottom. Tomorrow they will vote their national independence and will be happy and will remain at the bottom. This, then, is the new do-it-yourself colonialism: obeisance is made to the democratic process, rule by foreign capital with all its attendant trappings is chosen by the people themselves. At each step they are made to believe a racial victory has been scored, that in turning out the whites the blacks are smashing their three-centuries-old bonds. But so far throughout most of the Caribbean the real victory is still elusive—the victory against the whites, against the blacks, and for the social revolution.

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Man on the Berlin Wall

SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB. By Uwe Johnson. Translated by Ursule Molinaro. Grove Press. 240 pp. $4.50.

Sarah Gainham

Uwe Johnson is a poet living inside a storm center, and a mechanical storm center, what is more. His own refusal to take up a position firmly on one side or the other of this ideological storm has made him, as when on a visit to Italy he refused to condemn everything on the one side out of hand or to endorse wholesale everything on the other, a storm center himself. Essentially, Johnson is the embodiment of the East-West tangle; it belongs to his situation that he refuses to accept the cadet status of a "refugee" and insists that he from the center, and those too on the other side, have something important to tell us. Though the conflict is real enough to destroy human beings, Johnson seems to feel it as phony, mechanical, not a fundamental dilemma posing deep and genuine conflicts of conscience, but invented by both sides for reasons that have nothing to do with human realities. Men get drawn into the machine and are torn to pieces by the driving wheels, but the machine is for nothing and does nothing except perpetuate itself. This landscape is a new *Waste Land* for which even Eliot might find no words; but Uwe Johnson escapes a totality of waste by insisting on the separateness and uniqueness of single human beings. This may sound trite to anyone far enough from the center never to have questioned the rightness of his port in the storm; but for the millions who must live in the storm it is by no means either simple or self-evident. It is, in fact, newly rediscovered—it is more, it is *the* discovery.

Yet there is a flaw in Johnson's personal position which is reflected in Jakob's dilemma in this book. This is that he was forced to go away from his home if he wanted to get his work printed; he was forced to change sides and go "West." There is a good deal wrong with our societies, and Johnson sees it; but *Speculations About Jakob* could see the light of day in Italy, West Germany and America. It could not in East Germany. Perhaps it would have been accepted in Poland, even in Hungary—but not in East Germany. And it is a very German novel, in its seriousness and a kind of dense opacity of feeling that gives the writing a texture like the soft density of beechwood—wood and trees are much in Johnson's mind.

The theme of the novel is the flying wheels of the storm machinery as they catch men into themselves. Johnson expresses his theme by contrast with another kind of machinery, one that is useful—the railway. The central figure is a railroader and is one of the few genuinely felt proletarians I know of in fiction. Unlike most writers who attempt this side of life, Johnson is neither contrasting his man-who-works as a heroic figure against less useful sorts of people, nor is he writing down to his characters; his Jakob is presented as simply human. The contrast proposed is not between class differences, but between solid beings and the unreal servants of the machine; just as the purposefulness of the railway is contrasted with the invisible machinery of a pointless system.

Both the building of character and the story itself are done by a mosaic method of tiny detail—much of it brilliantly and poetically realized. With character the method is, in the main, successful, especially with Jakob himself and the old cabinetmaker in whose house Jakob grew up in post-war Germany. The women are less successful, but the considerable talent for character creation and atmosphere is the exciting thing about Uwe Johnson, and is probably why he was awarded the International Publishers' Prize last year.

The story itself, however, must be accounted a failure. Having now read the book in the original and again in English I am still not clear as to what was happening. This may have been intentional—Johnson may have wanted to express the meaninglessness of the *Apparat* machinery through a fog of hints—but the fog is too thick for telling a story and the novel has a story. A young woman who has already left East Germany is to be drawn into the Soviet espio-

Sarah Gainham is Bonn correspondent for the London Spectator.

Factoryland

No valve is in this air where coal-yards
Keel the silver day-helm tartly forth—

And, hovering skates beneath a reef
Of fog, the kilns seem a suspense
As auto-mobile. No
Locks as long as or as platinum
Float on the steel-netted
River's glint—
As full into jet light the

Pigeons wheel. Gold can't
Be far, though—feeling a sense
Of gold, I look around for children
But see none. Nor can it be

The unrisen
Sun. And so I follow slips of slag,
Tremors of shale, the glance and start
Of fifty sooty windows in pale
Cascade, to where
The riverwind

Pours ashes on dark leaves and Dawn begins
With the black spark of hidden elderberries.
Again I stare about me, unthinkingly speak:
"When you're hungry, here's a place to come."

Frederick Bock

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nage net because she works for NATO. All of those close to her who are still within the radius of the *Apparat* machine are drawn into the attempt to entangle her—Jakob's mother, her own father, the Communist intellectual with whom she had had an affair; Jakob himself, her foster-brother whom she realizes she loves but who remains cloudily estranged from her. Jakob's mother, on being approached by an agent, clears off to the West, where she is inevitably reduced again to refugee camp life —mother and son had already been expelled from further East. The ex-lover's career is wrecked because he is critical of the regime, but his role in the plot is fogged to meaninglessness. The girl's father will survive as a lonely old man in the now-empty house which ties him to his home. Jakob, caught between Suez and Budapest in that still enigmatic moment of time, loses his grip on the outside world and fails to form a rescuing bond with his sister-lover; he returns to his familiar and stable life of work but is killed crossing the lines by a locomotive of the useful railway machine which becomes the juggernaut of the useless *Apparat* machine.

The main difficulty with this story is at the same time Johnson's greatest achievement; a man with the solidity and reality of Jakob as Johnson has created him, would have solved his problem and not been killed by it. The end of the story in reality must have been that Jakob and his girl would have rejected both the Suez and the Budapest side and would have lived for living's sake.

Just as in his own life Johnson went physically West where he could live and work, and still maintain his rejection of both sides, so would Jakob have done if his character had been logically followed out. This is a real difference between East and West Germany which Johnson is not quite willing to admit. The man created here would not have let himself be torn in pieces by the machine and this is the flaw that cracks the book open.

Translations are always controversial, but in this case, in spite of some over-literal phrases, Johnson has been well served. It is a poetic translation of a poetic novel, and the tiny details of description are beautifully understood. Miss Molinaro is to be congratulated—it must have been a most difficult task.

Mormon Writ and Modern Ethics

MORMONISM AND THE NEGRO. By John J. Stewart, with a Supplement by William E. Berrett. Bookmark Division of Community Press. 77 pp. $1.25.

Vern L. Bullough

Mormons, or more technically, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, have become a growing and potent force on the American scene. Their strength and to some extent their cohesiveness have been recognized in the last few years by placing Mormons in the Cabinet, much as representatives of the Jewish and Catholic groups are included. Ezra Taft Benson was the Mormon voice in the Eisenhower Cabinet and Stewart Udall in this one, although from the contrast between the two it should be apparent that Mormonism encompasses a good portion of the political spectrum. This acceptance of Mormons as a respected minority group has not come without considerable change in the popular image of the Mormons, and it should perhaps be emphasized that as late as the first decade of the twentieth century the right of a Mormon to sit in the United States Senate was still being debated. Nowhere is the political success of Mormonism more apparent than in the growing Presidential boom for George Romney, Mormon elder, Michigan governor and Republican dark-horse candidate for President.

Romney's very success, however, has brought to the fore the Mormon attitude toward the Negro. Rumors of Mormonism's anti-Negro stand were whispered about in the Michigan gubernatorial race until Romney found it necessary to indicate that, whatever the Mormon position might be, he himself had taken many positive stands in regard to various minority groups. It is apparent, however, that Romney, or any other Mormon who aspires to national elective office, must be prepared to discuss just what

Vern L. Bullough, a native of Utah, has studied and written of the Mormons for many years. His main field of study is European History which he teaches at San Fernando Valley State College, Northridge, California.

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the Mormon attitude, both in dogma and practice, has been. On this point, the essay by John Stewart, a professor at Utah State University at Logan, and the supplement by William E. Berrett, vice president of Brigham Young University, are clear. Negroes can join the Mormon Church, but Negro men cannot hold the priesthood, i.e., administer the sacraments and exercise leadership. Since every other adult male, Caucasian, Oriental, et al., is eligible to hold this office, it would appear that the Mormon attitude is discriminatory and relegates Negroes to second-class membership.

Stewart does not see it that way. He holds that the Mormon attitude is consistent with the justice and mercy of God. His attitude can best be summarized by a brief quotation:

> *. . . if you say this Church is unjust in not allowing the Negro to bear the Priesthood, you must, to be consistent, likewise say that God is even more unjust in giving him a black skin.*

That is, a dark skin is some kind of stigma.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the two essays is that they are primarily directed at Mormons, and apparently at Mormons who are critical of the official Church attitude toward Negroes and who are agitating for a change.

That there has also been a change in official attitudes is evident from comparing Mormon reference works of the pre-World War II period with those of today. Further indication was given in January of this year when the Mormon officials announced plans to proselytize among the Negroes of Nigeria. While such missionary efforts would undoubtedly result in segregated Negro churches whose members could not migrate to the United States, it is still the first indication of the Mormon willingness to send missionaries into Negro areas either inside or outside of the United States.

Unfortunately, neither of the two authors really attempts to explain in historical and sociological terms some of the reasons or the background for the Mormon attitudes. Both emphasize that Mormonism had its origin in upper New York State, moved to the Middle West, and that many of its most prominent leaders, including the founder Joseph Smith, were abolitionists. In their attempt to indicate that Mormons were not racists, they recount the difficulties of the early Mormons in Missouri, where at least part of their difficulties arose from the fact that they were Northern abolitionists moving into a slave state.

Once the Mormons reached Utah, however, their attitude toward the Negro became much less tolerant and it seems clear, at least to this writer, that one of the major reasons for this was the increasing importance of polygamy. There was enough resentment among the young married men toward the polygamous older men, without compounding it by racial prejudice as when a Negro male member might have had several wives. In order to practice polygamy it was necessary to be a member of the priesthood. That this explanation has some justification is apparent from the fact that as polygamy came under attack, the Mormon attitude toward the Negro became crystallized. It is still part of the Mormon doctrine, at least according to Stewart, that Negroes and non-Negroes are prohibited from intermarrying.

Another possible explanation, overlooked by both Stewart and Berrett, is that when the Mormons had most contact with Negroes (in the period before the Mexican War), most Negroes were slaves or recently freed, and few of them had the education or knowledge to be a leader in a lay run church, which is the function that the Mormon priesthood fulfills. Once the Mormons moved to Utah, and the anti-Mormon feelings of the country increased, the Mormons were cut off from most of the changes in the status of the Negroes. While three members of Brigham Young's select first company which entered Utah in 1847 were Negroes, the Negro community in Utah, and in most of the mountain West, remained small and for the most part transient. When polygamy was finally abolished and the Mormons were gradually accepted back into American society, they looked to Europe and to the Pacific for their most intensive missionary activities, and ignored the American Negroes. While the Mormon leaders were well traveled, they usually moved within the Mormon communities and were thus isolated from the changes taking place in the American attitudes toward Negroes.

In the last thirty years, however, the Mormons have begun a strong outward movement which has taken them into positions of power in such varied and assorted places as California, Michigan and Washington, D.C. This expansion suddenly brought them into contact with Negroes who were demanding equality. The church, however, has been slow to recognize the changes. Its leadership is conservative, in part because it relies on seniority and tends to put old men into positions of power and leave them there until they die. To these leaders, the increasing agitation both within and without the church came as a surprise; the immediate result has been a growing refusal to discuss the question officially. Since most of the agitation within the Mormon Church comes from people in their twenties, thirties and forties, who have grown up in a United States which has increasingly emphasized minority group rights, it will be interesting to see if the church does change its attitude when this generation achieves power.

Emphasizing the need for more immediate change, however, is the appearance of Mormon figures such as George Romney on the political scene, to whom his church's racist stand might prove a handicap. The Mormons are a proud people, and they pride themselves on their accomplishments in all fields; the fact that Romney and other Mormons have achieved political success and national recognition previously denied members of their church might well lead to a more rapid change in the Mormon reactionary attitudes toward race. This book, however, is not a plea for change, but an apologetic justification of the *status quo*. The mere fact that it is so defensive is a hopeful sign: it may indicate that the Mormons are increasingly embarrassed by their inherent racist tendencies; it may also indicate that the Mormons themselves are not quite as unanimous on the question as they were in times past.

POETRY EDITOR

With this issue, A. R. Ammons assumes the position of Poetry Editor, a rotating assignment held just previously, and conducted ably, by David Ignatow.

Mr. Ammons is a scientist turned poet. He graduated with a B.S. degree from Wake Forest College, then went on to take three years of graduate work in English at the University of California; in 1961, he was awarded a scholarship to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Mr. Ammons' poetry has appeared in *The Hudson Review, Poetry, Accent* and elsewhere. A collected volume of his work, *Expressions of Sea Level*, is being published by Ohio State University Press.

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Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

Jonson and Herrick

The Anchor Seventeenth-Century Series, under the general editorship of J. Max Patrick, should counterbalance earlier criticisms of editorial competence among paperbacks. As texts they are excellent, though notations could well be cut. Some haste in physical design is also apparent, as in placing line numbers in the Jonson and footnotes in the Herrick, but there is room for little but praise. Mr. Patrick has edited *The Complete Poetry of Robert Herrick*, William B. Hunter, Jr., *The Complete Poetry of Ben Jonson*, and John T. Shawcross *The Complete English Poetry of John Milton* (Anchor, $1.95 ea.). Charles C. Mish has a collection of shorter fiction and Richard C. Harrier the first volume of a Jacobean drama collection. This is an impressive beginning. In paperback the only serious competition is with Milton. There, Helen Darbishire's *Poetical Works of John Milton* (Oxford, $2.50) is physically beautiful, as a smaller volume cannot well be; and Merritt Y. Hughes's *Paradise Lost* (Odyssey, $1.25) is probably the most scholarly paperback of an English poem.

Reading Jonson and Herrick complete is a delight. No anthologist usurps your right to choose, and you find unexpected spices and savor. These are the first great neo-classicists in English poetry, as you are unable to forget, but the complete works of the two force a redefinition of the label. Caroline Goad has shown that Henry Fielding, the "true-born Englishman," was the most Horatian of eighteenth-century writers because he thoroughly absorbed Horace and naturalized him. This is Jonson and Herrick's procedure with their favorites. Indeed, Jonson is perhaps least classical, because most the school marm, in his two metaphrastic versions of Horace's *Art of Poetry*. His "Drink to Me Only" is his own fully self-possessed lyric though using formerly separated bits from Philostratus. Where English classicism has been most fully successful it has been almost unconscious in this way, easy and unobtrusively related to a tradition which both Romans and Englishmen considered substantially universal. There is a wide difference between this and the manifestly contrived myths and symbolism of *Hyperion* or *Prometheus Unbound*, however grand or sensitive either can be; and a person must read the notes to know that Tennyson's "Ulysses" too is about Hallam.

Herrick profits even more than Jonson from a complete edition. His delights and discontents in Devon are more varied than anthologists have ever shown, and his "Noble Numbers" rises higher than his "Grace for a Child." Mr. Patrick prints more than 1,400 poems, from two-line epigrams to substantial odes. Here Roman and Devonshire matters, and that Anglican latitudinarianism which was as English as Sir Hudibras, often unite to form the new English classicism which involves learning and emulation, as Jonson insisted was necessary, but which is dominated by an essentially independent English spirit. Jonson, in his older usage and professional pride, called this genius, and taken properly the word fits now as well as ever. Herrick, like Jonson, shows up as a man of technical brilliance but of intellect and substantial feelings as well.

Also: *The Psalms of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke*, J. C. A. Rathmell, editor (Anchor, $1.45). A sophisticated verse rendering, interesting in relation to Milton and the middle-class Puritans.

History of Ideas

History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century by Sir Leslie Stephen (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., $2.95 ea.) first appeared in 1876. It had a third edition in 1902, but has never been much revised and is reissued with the addition of only a short, chiefly biographical preface by Crane Brinton. Studies in the history of ideas have tended recently to specialize, as in A. O. Lovejoy's brief *Essays in the History of Ideas* (Putnam, $1.65) and his brilliant *Great Chain of Being* (Harper & Row, $1.85). Basil Willey's *The Eighteenth-Century Background* (Beacon, $1.75) centers on the idea of nature. *The Philosophy of the Enlightenment* by Ernst Cassirer (Beacon, $1.45) is concerned with the development and the system to be found in thought and treats the entire European movement. Stephen's followers have escaped his mid-Victorian apparent complacency at being the culmination of evolution and have added specialized competence, but they have not superseded him.

Political Thought of Medieval Islam by E. I. J. Rosenthal (Cambridge, $2.95). The earliest political doctrines of Islam and their eventual modification under the impact of ancient Greek ideas; 1958 edition.

Man Against Myth by Barrows Dunham (Hill and Wang, $1.65). A sharp and salty examination of ten notions commonly used to rationalize established illiberal conclusions.

Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature by Wylie Sypher (Random House, $1.95). Emphasizes interrelations of style and views of the world; forty-four illustrations in good offset.

Literature

Clock Without Hands by Carson McCullers (Bantam, 75c). The gentle, bland cruelties and wild oubursts between whites and Negroes in a Georgia town, with Mrs. McCullers' unique chill and odor.

The Tale of Beatrix Potter by Margaret Lane (Penguin, 95c). The story of the author of *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* with an account of her background; very well illustrated.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

Whenever I have discussed recent compositional activity in this column, references to the work and thought of Elliott Carter and Milton Babbitt have been a persistently recurrent leitmotiv. To a certain extent, this may be a critical judgment, but it also reflects the remarkable degree to which their influence has been felt in most every important area of present-day American composition. Of all the composers of the now-emergent "middle generation," these two have made the decisive discoveries, and have developed musical languages which are not only unmistakably their own, but which also have crystallized the musical thinking of most of their younger colleagues, as those of Schönberg and Stravinsky did in the twenties. In fact, Carter's First String Quartet (1951) was surrounded by an immediate and widespread excitement that inevitably called to mind the impact of Stravinsky's "revolutionary" works, if on a considerably smaller scale; and if Carter's Quartet is in this sense the *Sacre* of the postwar generation, then Babbitt's *Vision and Prayer* is its *Pierrot Lunaire.*

The parallel, moreover, has deeper implications than such an obvious historical conceit may indicate. For Babbitt's music is clearly on the Schönberg side of the twentieth-century duality, and approaches the problem of creating new sound structures entirely from within, so that all its sonorous qualities derive from necessities of articulation; then, too, as the most consequential twelve-tone composer-theorist since Schönberg, Babbitt is in another sense his direct heir. Carter's affinity to Stravinsky, on the other hand, is evident in his direct preoccupation with textures, modes of presentation, and other "external" ideas that form the basis for internal coherence as well. In the actual sound of the music, however, the analogy is paradoxically reversed: the cool, lucid pitch constellations that arise from Babbitt's Schönberg-derived procedures are a genuine evolution (via Webern but without his Teutonic squareness) of the *secco* manner of Stravinsky's music from *Petrouchka* to *The Flood* and beyond, whereas the highly charged, multilayered surface of Carter's works recalls the Schönberg of the Five Orchestral Pieces, op. 16, and even more the Berg of Opus 6.

But neither Carter nor Babbitt can be regarded as continuing a purely European tradition, or as somehow representing what European music might have been if Schönberg and Stravinsky had not emigrated. Carter's music is particularly rooted in the tradition of prewar American music, but both composers share a characteristically American "independence" in their searching re-evaluation of conventional assumptions and traditional functions, within which they seek out fundamental principles of continuity and relationship. Thus, the moral and intellectual influence of Schönberg and Stravinsky on American music was immense, but it was only with the Carter First Quartet that the possibility of an American music on a totally new level of structural and artistic cogency was perceived.

Indeed, any assessment of the galvanic effect of that work must proceed from an awareness of the way that Carter has translated the loosely conceived and arbitrarily realized gestures of prewar "American" music into a coherent set of formal and articulative procedures and, in so doing, has established a new kind of musical continuity. (And perhaps it is significant that Carter's music has not attracted nearly as much enthusiasm in Europe as here.) In the earlier works, before the Piano Sonata of 1945-46, hints of this style are already unmistakable, but they arise more from a context of literary "appropriateness" than as integral events in a consistent fabric. Thus a theatrical work such as *Pocahontas* (1937) — whose "presentational" nature is explicit — contains many more such prophetic moments (the abrasively opposed "levels" at the opening of the second movement, the "out-of-phase" pulsating bass in the third) than does an "absolute" work such as the Symphony No. 1 (1942).

The remarkable discovery that enabled Carter to convert such mildly adventurous incidents in a largely conventional framework into a significantly new compositional approach

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was the realization that these theatrical "situations" could provide the basis for analogous instrumental situations. With instruments as "characters" in more than a fanciful sense, their "characteristic" sonorities and performance styles became primary molders of structure. The Piano Sonata (recorded for Epic by Charles Rosen), the first work that grew out of this exploration, takes its basic departure from the resonances and overtone qualities of the piano itself, so that, although "neoclassic" tonality is still present, the listener is aware of more essential "harmonic" movement in terms of the degrees of brilliance and range, through which are built the successive intensifications and resolutions of each movement.

The balletic device of superimposed "levels" also becomes, in Carter's "new" music, a basic mode of articulation. Thus, the 1948 Cello Sonata opens with a long section in which a regular pulsation of staccato piano notes both defines and opposes the irregularly inflected movement of the legato cello line, whose changes almost never coincide with the piano attacks. Carter's resourceful approach to the threat of stasis here is to plot carefully (as in the Piano Sonata) the progressive widening of sonorous range and the imperceptible changes in the relative values of the parts, so that the seemingly rigid context is given an ongoing sense that propels it with cumulative force into the second section, where the rhythmic tensions are dissolved.

The first full exploitation of these ideas as the sole generators of a major composition was in the First Quartet. Here, each movement is an intensive exploration of a different situational relationship: four-part independence in the first, a single continuous line in the second, the opposition, approach and re-opposition of two violently contrasting "levels" (sustained consonances in the two violins, brusque interjections in the viola and cello) in the third; and a "variations" procedure in the fourth that divides the texture into sharply characterized "melody," "accompaniment" and "figuration" elements, whose constantly shifting relative placements in time and space generate an urgent forward motion.

The way in which these sonorous levels are kept distinct amid the crowding handfuls of notes is one of the most characteristic qualities of Carter's music. Though the intent is primarily gestural, it is supported acoustically by the careful choice of each pitch for its sonorous ability to maintain the audibility of the individual components of a texture. This entirely nontraditional attitude also defines the unique "harmonic" sound of Carter's music, which is as "chromatic" as Schönberg's but has none of Schönberg's "antitonal" tensions; since Carter's forms imply no analogies to traditional functions, as Schönberg's clearly were intended to do, the range of sounds in his music can be chosen from the gamut of available elements without creating disturbing incongruities.

Each of Carter's more recent works seems to derive from the isolation and full exploration of one of the ideas with which the First Quartet overflows. For example, the Variations for Orchestra (1954-55), which were performed earlier this season by the Philadelphia Orchestra, seem to be almost a direct continuation of the last movement of the Quartet, even to the extent of quoting its material, but especially in their development of tempo change as a variational device, and of the filmlike "cutting" and "flashback" techniques that characterize the Quartet's special performance "breaks." The "scenario" of the Variations was described by Carter himself as a progression from maximum to minimum differentiation—and back. Within this general plan, the sections also seem to follow an "inside" one, in which two separate "plots" derived from elements of the opening are developed in alternating variations, then brought together and resolved at the end. The sense of movement in terms of tempos rather than rhythms is most striking in the fourth variation, a series of retardations and sudden returns to tempo, and in the sixth, where an even-note line gets faster and faster, then is "imitated" at the original speed, giving the ear a jolting reorientation to slow-motion that feels like jumping from a quickly accelerating train onto one just beginning to move; at the end, all the lines seem to run away together and disappear over the top of the orchestra.

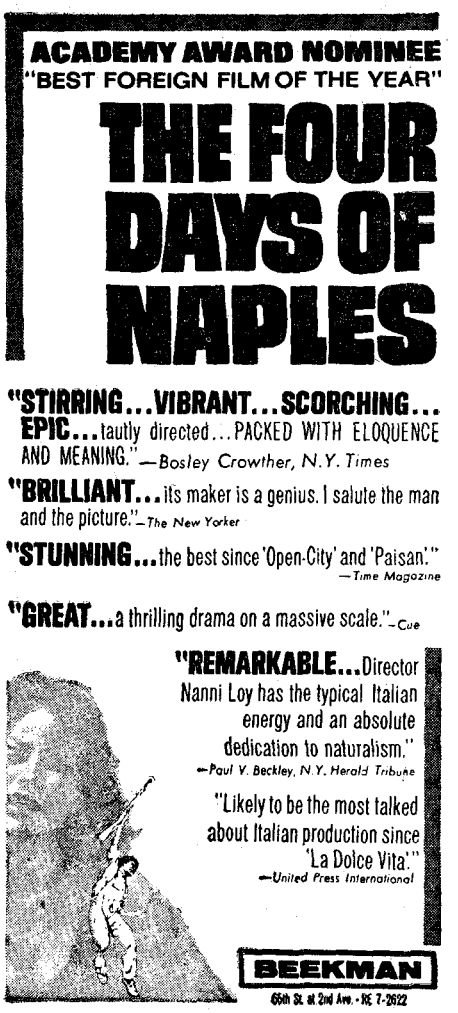
In the Second String Quartet (1959), the idea of individual instrumental characterization reaches toward an extreme realization; the works seem to consist of four independent paths traversed through four separate instrumental parts, each with its own characteristic material and manner, whose interrelation is that of carefully planned fortuity. The "simultaneous solo" quality of the work is still further emphasized by the four semi-"accompanied" cadenzas, one for each instrument; the cadenza idea itself is, in fact, the extreme limit of instrumental self-sufficiency. Thus, in the recent Double Concerto for Piano and Harpsichord with two chamber orchestras (1961), both solo parts

On Comforting a Child

"There, there" he says
And saying this, believes all
Fear soothed out
Of a child's vast mind
Where tigers and shadows
Chase a tiny golden princess
Through the ogred house.

"She was dreaming" he says
And saying this, returns to bed
And heavy sleep. He forgets
How the wicked cherry tree
Rode through his room, the moon
Tucked under its black arm
Like a phosphorescent head.

David Cohen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(to judge from the recording alone), appear to be composed entirely of cadenza fragments. But a paradox arises here, for the instrumental differentiation represented by "total cadenza" is offset by the essential neutrality of all cadenzas, so that the solo material, in both piano and harpsichord, seems "over-identified." Of course, this work is too intricate, fragile and unfamiliar to be fully perceived as yet. And the presence of such clearly brilliant moments as the overlapping of sustained wind notes which balance with pure pitch (eliminating the "percussive" attacks of harpsichord and piano) the purely unpitched percussion of the opening, indicates that even the sections which now seem to come close to distintegration may actually be coherently formed. And perhaps disintegration itself has here been controlled and transformed to function as still another new voice within Carter's remarkable polyphony.

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ELLIOTT CARTER: Double Concerto (1961). Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; Gustav Meier, cond. Epic LC 3830; BC 1157 (S).

Eight Etudes and a Fantasy (1950). New York Woodwind Quintet. CRI 118.

The Minotaur (1946). Eastman Rochester Orchestra, Howard Hanson, cond. Mercury 50103.

Pocahontas (1937-39). Zurich Radio Orchestra, Jacques Monod, cond. Piano Sonata. Charles Rosen. Epic LC 3850. BC 1250 (S).

Quartet No. 1 (1951). Walden Quartet. Columbia ML 5104.

Quartet No. 2 (1959). Juilliard Quartet. Victor LM/LSC 2481.

Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello and Harpsichord (1952). Anabel Brieff, flute; Josef Marx, oboe; Loren Bernsohn, cello; Robert Conant, harpsichord. Columbia ML 5576; MS 6176 (S).

Symphony No. 1 (1942). Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond. Louisville 611.

Variations for Orchestra (1955). Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond. Louisville 58-3.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

At first glance, *The Four Days of Naples* seems to be, both in technique and content, a facsimile of those films by means of which the Italians, immediately after the war, cried out "Look! We are still here." And if one becomes fixed on comparison with *Open City*, *Paisan* and the others, this picture suffers. It cannot give that exhilarating impression of energy, ingenuity and long-disguised emotion which characterized the works coming from the rubble studios of the 1940s.

The Four Days is not only a much more complex work, implying a much more elaborate industry; its intent is more deliberate. The director, Nanni Loy, is clearly an angry man bent on settling an old score—and the anguish he has roused in Germany, home of the good Europeans, is evidence that he has hit his target.

To a non-German, though, the dominant quality of the picture is lyric rather than punitive. Loy almost completely assumes his Germans; there is really no enemy to hate, and the whole populace of Naples to love.

The most poignant moment of the film comes when, the Germans having posted a notice of forced labor, the women of Naples prepare to defend their sons and husbands. Through the high, narrow tenement alleys their voices echo the warning from block to block—"hide your men"—and in the Neapolitan accent it is as soft and languid as a love song.

I would not have thought that yet another tale of partisan resistance to the Nazis could be delivered alive, but the Neapolitans were partisans with a difference. They had no taste for fighting and were not much good at it; they chattered and blustered, exposed themselves in picturesque attitudes; their discipline was nonexistent, their strategy was always logical and often wrong. They were heroes with shaking limbs and they could die in an anticlimax. The Germans thought such men weaklings and no problem; it was perhaps not their most serious mistake, but it was characteristic.

The film, then, is a dance of war; it is *festive* terror, a quality that springs from the nature of the people and from the feast-day structure of the film. At the height of the battle, the whole city seems swinging in great arabesques, and the recurring appearance of this or that individual or group creates a feeling of the most cunningly choreographed chaos.

It is foolish to use the term documentary in connection with a film so planned and edited. All one can mean is that a number of nonprofessionals play themselves (there are also actors, but they appear anonymously) and that the narrative is almost entirely external. The plot is the action.

Films that use the people as hero have a difficult technical problem. If no individuals emerge, the proceedings may become a little expressionless, as though without eyes. And if distinct personalities are brought forward, the viewer may find his allegiance split between individuals and panorama. Loy develops half a dozen personal strands and they give depth and scale to the mass action. At the same time, I felt curiously detached from the tragedies of men, women and children whom I had come to like, but not to know very well. If I have a reservation about the film it is that it could not find exactly the right balance between the ones and the many.

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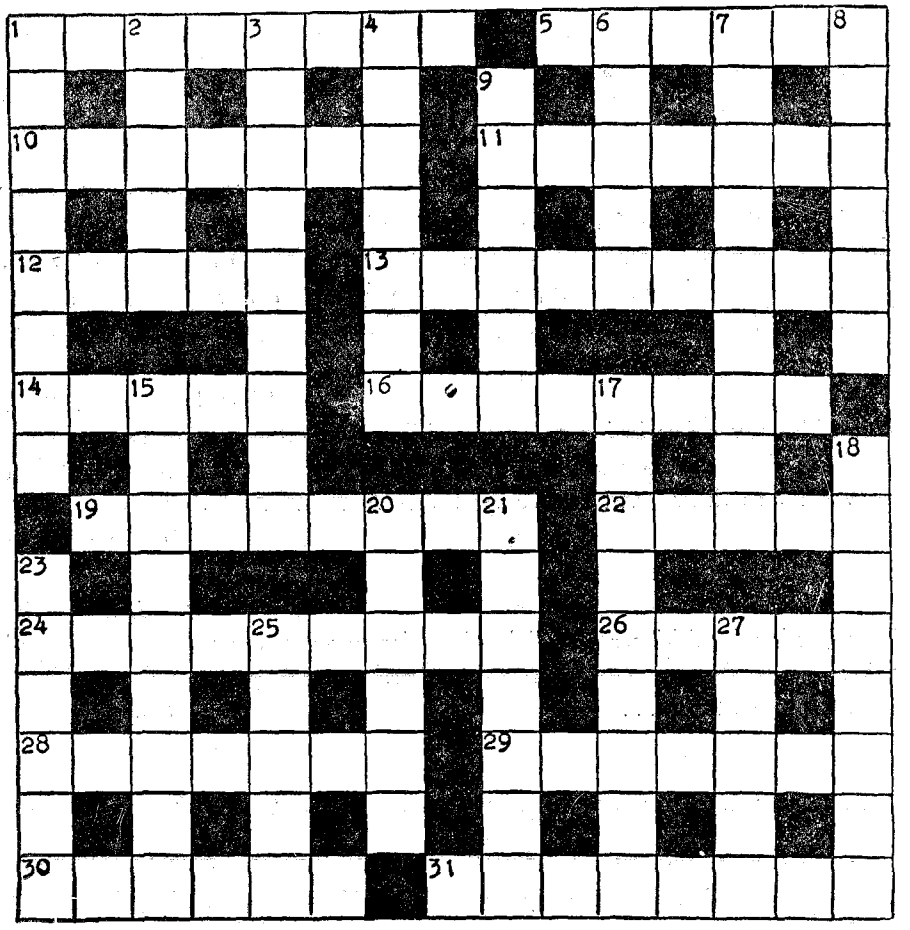
Crossword Puzzle No. 1005

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 26, when they are on fire? (8)
5 and 10 Her chocolate's usually considered not in a class by itself. (13)
11 Character unlikely to be approved by the Port Authority. (7)
12 Jack, perhaps, as a source of credit.
13 Goes too far for a runner's location, possibly. (9)
14 Book support of blue? (5)
16 Foot-light is not necessarily antithetical. (3-5)
19 One quits making it a problem for discussion. (8)
22 A supporter of modern art, quite likely. (5)
24 Ah, 10! It's one of the things Hamlet hoped to end by sleep. (9)
26 They should stop commercials!
28 The Prodigal Son made such a living. (7)
29 A comparatively worthless paper in an otherwise orderly arrangement could be easily damaged. (7)
30 Done by the far out? (6)
31 Not real writers, but their function seems to be to keep the reputedly innocent behind bars. (8)

DOWN:

1 The manner in which drawings are shaded? It should lead to something! (8)
2 Undecided, yet attracted to being likewise depicted. (5)
3 Generally speaking, they shouldn't call for truth to be drawn out.
4 Does the assemblage appear in such a getup? (7)
6 Sail, by the sound of it, like sailors.
7 Does it make us resolve to be this, naturally? (9)
8 We often question what it is, when we meet. (6)
9 The cost of emulating Mr. Jones?
15 Would a Liberal dislike to do so, saving such remarks for his own?
17 A perfect model should be. (9)
18 Let's sing about what Life does, if we look like Lowell. (8)
20 Conditional way to press your suit? (2, 4)
21 Solitude is to the imagination, implied the author of 18. (7)
23 One would be beautiful with a small animal around her. (6)
25 Associated with the Rose of the North? (5)
27 Cause to be one. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1004

ACROSS: 9 Goatherd; 10, 25 and 26 Never a dull moment; 11 Threats; 12 Misstep; 14 Ground; 17 Air Force; 20 Acting; 22 Reactor; 24, 4 down and 15 across The Last Ride Together; 27 Unreason; 28 Condolences. DOWN: 2 On the cuff; 3 Scented; 5 Yanking; 6 Elves; 7 and 1 Mother Goose Rhymes; 8 Greece; 13 Steer; 16 Titillate; 18 Icebox; 19 Roosted; 20 Acheron; 21 Nestor; 23 Credo.

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